

# UTTOXETER GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL CHRONICLE

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No. 33

"Non uni sed omnibus"

DECEMBER 1959

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*President:* Miss Ross.

*Committee:* MRS. QUICK, MISS RICE, ANN CHAPMAN.

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## EDITORIAL

THE LAST SCHOOL YEAR has been a busy one, with the usual expeditions, outings and school events. The prizes at the Senior Prize-giving were presented by Mrs. Jessie Evans, who gave us a most interesting and instructive talk about her work for the County Council. We should like to thank Mrs. Evans, and also the Bishop of Stafford and Mrs. Clitherow, who attended our Junior Prize-giving, Mrs. Clitherow to present the prizes and the Bishop to talk to the Junior School.

The School Year 1958-59 was remarkable in that we had our first Sports Day for two years. Under the direction of Miss Poole, it was a most enjoyable afternoon; competition was keen, and competitors and spectators were both very enthusiastic, several standard records being beaten. We also held our Gym Competition in which the younger members of the School had an opportunity to shine, and shine they certainly did, with the efficient help of the respective House Captains. We extend our thanks to Miss McDonald who was kind enough to judge the competition.

The Verse-Speaking Competition was held in the Summer Term, not in spring as it usually is. Mrs. Whitmore was the judge, and, speaking afterwards, she commented on the high standard attained in the School.

The School was saddened by the death of Mr. Duck, who had been the school dentist for many years, and was a familiar figure to us all. A book has been purchased in his memory and placed in the library.

The majority of us worked hard last year and made a good effort, especially at examination time. I do not think it is over-optimistic to hope that this year will be equally successful.

ANN CHAPMAN.

## ASTRID BECK MEMORIAL FUND

Many Old Girls, former members of the Staff, School Governors and other friends of Miss Beck have sent contributions to the Astrid Beck Memorial Fund. The sum of £90 has been invested and the interest will provide an annual prize to be awarded to a girl who has shown thoughtfulness and ability in the study of Scripture. The first award was made in November 1959.

Letters received clearly showed appreciation of the fact that a memorial prize was to be established and gratitude to Miss Beck was apparent in such remarks:

"I shall always appreciate what she did for me."

"... the time when she gave me confirmation instruction will always be in my memory."

"I was at the Manor House in 1896-8; my daughters being at school for 20 years."

"... a thank offering for her help and guidance in my own school days and in those of my family."

"... she gave me a well-disciplined mind and the capacity to work hard for myself."

We thank all who have contributed in any way to the establishment of this memorial prize.

M.R.

## STAFF NEWS

At the end of the Summer Term the school lost no fewer than six members of staff. It was with great regret that we said goodbye to Miss Lea, who has now retired after sixteen years of unremitting service. As Head of the English department, Senior Mistress and latterly as Deputy Head, Miss Lea's efforts on the school's behalf were always unsparing of self. Characteristic was her deep interest in the Verse-Speaking Competition, to which every year she devoted many hours of her time. As House Mistress, she met with equanimity the frequent demands made upon her, and members of Dunkley House will recall the zeal with which she inspired them during preparations for their annual sale. In her association with both staff and girls, Miss Lea's felicity of approach gained for her our high esteem, and has left with us the memory of a gracious and scholarly personality. We wish her every happiness in her well-earned retirement.

Miss Yates has left to take a post in Warwick, and Miss Ewan has gone to Preston. Mrs. Goodfellow has moved to London, Mrs. Hills to a post near Chesterfield, and Miss Prowse has become travelling tutor for the Methodist Local Preacher department.

Mrs. Cooper, now in London, and Mrs. Nunn both left at Christmas. To all we offer our good wishes.

Seldom has the school had such an influx of new members of staff. Mrs. Quick has come as Deputy Head and Head of the English department. It is indeed fortunate that for this post of dual importance we have one of wide practical experience and to Mrs. Quick we offer our warmest hopes for her happiness amongst us. Miss Thomas is Head of the Science department, Mr. Harbron of History and in charge of the Library, and Miss Escott of Music. Miss Malcolm teaches Scripture and History, Mrs. Sharples, French, and Mlle. Cance will be with us for a year as French Assistante. In January Miss Sidaway joined the staff as Head of the Art department. We extend a welcome to all.

#### **News of Former Staff**

Mrs. Binney (Mrs. E. Blundell) is now Headmistress of a school in Barbados, W.I.

Miss M. Thomas was married on 6th June, 1959, to Mr. E. James of Newquay.

Miss Innocent is now Head of the French department in King's Lynn High School.

### **SCHOOL EVENTS**

1958 - 59

#### **AUTUMN TERM.**

Dr. Johnson Memorial Celebration.

Forms 3A upwards saw a French film.

Some of Form 6 visited Sewage Disposal Works.

Form 6 visited Stratford to see "Hamlet".

Some girls of 5A and 6th Forms saw "The Lark" by Anouilh at Abbots Bromley School.

Senior Prize Giving — prizes distributed by Mrs. Jessie Evans, Organising Secretary of the Staffordshire Rural Community Council.

Junior Prize Giving — Address by the Bishop of Stafford; prizes distributed by Mrs. Clitherow.

Performance given to Upper School by the Intimate Opera Group.

Carol Service in the Parish Church.

1st and 2nd Forms' Party.

3rd and 4th Forms' Party.

High School and Alleyne's Grammar School Prefects' Party.

## SPRING TERM.

French film, "Don Camillo", seen by whole school.

6th Form visited the premises of Messrs. Ind Coope, Ltd., Burton on Trent.

A party of girls visited Wembley for the England v. South Africa Hockey Match.

Staff v. Sixth Form Hockey Match.

Recital and talk to Forms 5 and 6 — Mr. Clinton Baddeley.

3A and 4A play, "The Invisible Duke".

5th Forms visited Bournville.

House Netball Matches.

House Hockey Matches.

Gym Competition — judged by Miss McDonald.

## SUMMER TERM.

Form 2A visited the Gas Works.

Week at Kessingland during the Whitsun holiday.

Messrs. Bamford's film shown.

Celebration of School Birthday. Address given by the Rev. H. C. Tunnadine, Vicar of Tutbury.

Form 4A visited Art Exhibition in Stafford.

Film and talk — "Dr. Barnardo's Homes".

Expedition to Croxden — Forms 2A and 2B.

Upper School saw film "Pygmalion".

Expedition to Cheadle and Froghall — Forms 3A and 3B.

Talk, "Missionary Work in India", by Mrs. Stanward.

Beck House visited Biddulph.

Form 4A visited Dovedale.

Talk by Mrs. Herbert to Forms 5 and 6.

House Rounders Matches.

Verse-Speaking Competition, judged by Mrs. Whitmore.

House Tennis Matches.

Staff versus Sixth Form Tennis Match and tea.

Tennis Doubles Finals.

Tennis Singles Finals.



**PREFECTS**

1959 - 60

HEAD GIRL: Gwen Whitwham.

DEPUTY HEAD GIRL: Ann Pointon.

U6:

Patricia Broadhurst, Linda Wallis, Olga Ward, Mary Woodward.

L6:

Jennifer Brown, Jennifer Critchlow, Sheila Deaville, Gail Healy, Ann James, Helen Lacy, Grace Plant, Jean Ryder, Rosamund Whittaker.

**NORTHERN UNIVERSITIES' JOINT MATRICULATION  
BOARD****GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION, 1959****ADVANCED:**

Brenda Bailey (General Studies).  
 Kay Finnikin (History, Geography, Biology).  
 Mary Hall (Geography, Mathematics).  
 Yvonne Lawrence (Geography, French).  
 Mary Ryder (Geography).  
 Margaret Sandham (English, Geography).  
 Gillian Taberner (History, Geography, Biology).  
 Margaret West (Geography, Latin, French).  
 Rosemary Wilkins (English).

**ORDINARY:**

- 5A: Pamela Brain, Jennifer Brown, Carole Buxton, Ann Chapman, Jennifer Critchlow, Sheila Deaville, Joyce Durose, Caren Eaton, Edna Fallows, Alison Fraser, Isabel Harrison, Gail Healy, Wendy Jackson, Ann James, Bronwen Jones, Annette Matthews, Lesley O'Dair, June Owen, Grace Plant, Helen Robinson, Jean Ryder, Margaret Tatlow, Diana Thorley, Christine White, Rosamund Whittaker, Celia Wolfenden.
- 5B: Gillian Bartram, Cecilia Bishop, Elizabeth Braime, Dorothy Cartwright, Gillian Chell, Janet Cope, Shirley Davis, Pamela Dix, Angela Gilbert, Georgina Harrison, Jennifer Key, Elizabeth Knight, Helen Lacy, Jane Machin, Barbara Nicholls, Margaret Smith, Estelle Spencer, Edna Udall, Gillian Waring, Celia Webb, June Williams, Gillian Wood.

5c: Kathleen Atkin, Jean Barnett, Margaret Clowes, Susan Edwards, Joan Egerton, Christine Fernihough, Jillian Matthews, Patricia Wagstaff, Jean Woolley.

### RED GABLES, 1958-59

After having said goodbye to our Head Girl, Anne Short, we welcomed two new First Formers which brought the number of boarders up to eighteen. Brenda Bailey was made Head Girl and Yvonne Lawrence her deputy.

The purchase of a record player in the Autumn Term brought much pleasure to all and, from a very varied list of records, Miss Evans selected the beginnings of a record library, which is expanding gradually. The Seniors put in much hard work to produce a Nativity play which was performed at the Christmas party. On the last night of the term Anne Short paid us a brief visit and we exchanged much news.

At the beginning of the Spring Term our numbers increased to nineteen, for Angela Cattermole, who was a Sixth Former, became a boarder, and Barbara Kirkman, who was previously at Stafford High School, was transferred here. Towards the end of this term three of our girls joined the Junior Accident Prevention Council to represent the school.

Fine weather during the Summer Term enabled us to play tennis on the school courts at least once a week. Enjoyable afternoons were spent at Trentham Gardens and at Ashbourne Grammar School, a return visit.

Three of our old girls, Christine Wake, Elizabeth Cuff and Olive Warren have obtained teaching posts after successfully completing their two-year courses at Training Colleges.

### COLLECTIONS

	£	s.	d.
Poppy Day Collection, 1958 ... ..	5	6	10
Carol Service — Cancer Campaign ... ..	7	12	7
School Birthday — Save the Children Fund ... ..	5	17	0

### GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

Parents' Guild—Tape Recorder.  
 Miss Lea—Picture: "Morning Sunshine"—Rowland Hilder.  
 Miss Ewan—L.P. Records.  
 Jill Walkerdine—L.P. Record, "Swan Lake."  
 June Boden—Cup for Athletic Achievement.

Mrs. Copeland—Book, "A History of the English-Speaking Peoples"—Winston Churchill.

Mrs. Clark—Book, "Continental Cookery."

Miss Yates—History Books.

Eileen Slaney—Book, "Aku-Aku"—Thor Heyerdahl.

## GAMES REPORT, 1958-59

### Teams

#### Hockey

	1st XI	2nd XI	Under 15 XI
Goal - - - -	J. Mackie	J. Toy	B. Wynne
R. Back - - -	S. Hadfield	B. West	J. Blackwell
L. Back - - -	R. Whittaker	J. Cuff (V.-Capt.)	J. Williams
R. Half - - -	A. Pointon	P. Broadhurst	J. Bloor
C. Half - - -	A. Cattermole	A. James	J. Swift
L. Half - - -	G. Taberner (V.-Capt.)	M. Keeling	N. Harris
R. Wing - - -	C. Reeves	J. Tipper (Capt.)	P. Clarke
R. Inner - - -	G. Harrison	P. Ball	B. Morton (Capt.)
C. Forward - -	G. Whitwham	S. Ball	D. Ratcliffe
L. Inner - - -	E. Udall	M. Sandham	J. Critchlow (V.-Capt.)
L. Wing - - -	K. Hill (Capt.)	J. Machin	G. Prince
Reserves - - -		E. Knight	S. Williamson
			L. Glover

#### Netball

	Under 14 VII
Shooter - - -	P. Clarke (Capt.)
Attack - - - -	J. Tonks (V. Capt.)
A. Centre - - -	V. Jones
Centre - - - -	J. Toy
D. Centre - - -	E. Bailey
Defence - - -	Y. Burton
Goalkeeper - -	P. Wall
Reserves - - -	S. Tipper
	J. Chadwick

#### Tennis

	1st VI
1st Couple - {	J. Cuff
	J. Tipper (Capt.)
2nd Couple - {	G. Whitwham
	K. Hill
3rd Couple - {	A. Cattermole
	K. Finnikin
Reserves - - {	M. West
	M. Harper

#### Rounders

	Under 15 IX	Under 14 IX
Bowler - - - -	N. Harris	G. Wheat
Backstop - - -	P. Clarke	E. Bell (Capt.)
1st Post - - -	B. Morton	J. Tortoiseshell
2nd Post - - -	G. Hardwick	L. Preston
3rd Post - - -	S. Tipper	E. Hofman
4th Post - - -	G. Prince	G. Haynes
1st Deep - - -	J. Tonks	M. Leason
2nd Deep - - -	P. Wall (Capt.)	S. Grocott
3rd Deep - - -	B. Wynne	S. Heath
Reserves - - -	J. Bloor	R. Collier, J. Pitt

## Match Results

## Hockey

1958

27 Sept.	Girls' S.M. School (A) ...	U.15 XI	Drew 1-1
4 Oct.	Westwood Hall, Leek (H) ...	1st XI	} Cancelled
		2nd XI	
11 Oct.	Homelands School, Derby (H)	1st XI	Won 4-3
		2nd XI	Lost 0-1
		U.15 XI	Cancelled
25 Oct.	Burton Technical School (H)...	1st XI	Drew 1-1
		U.15 XI	Lost 0-1
8 Nov.	Rugeley Grammar School (A)	1st XI	Won 10-0
		U.15 XI	Lost 0-2
15 Nov.	Brownhills High School (H) ...	1st XI	Lost 0-1
		2nd XI	Won 3-2
22 Nov.	Stafford High School (A) ...	1st XI	Won 5-1
		2nd XI	Won 3-0
6 Dec.	Q.E.G.S., Ashbourne (A) ...	1st XI	Lost 4-5
		U.15 XI	Lost 1-3
13 Dec.	Burton High School (A) ...	1st XI	} Cancelled
		2nd XI	
		U.15 XI	

1959

17 Jan.	Westwood Hall, Leek (A) ...	1st XI	} Cancelled
		2nd XI	
24 Jan.	Orme Girls' School (H) ...	1st XI	} Cancelled
		2nd XI	
		U.15 XI	
31 Jan.	Rugeley Grammar School (H)	1st XI	} Cancelled
		U.15 XI	
7 Feb.	Homelands School, Derby (A)	1st XI	} Cancelled
		2nd XI	
		U.15 XI	
21 Feb.	Q.E.G.S., Ashbourne (H) ...	1st XI	Won 8-1
		U.15 XI	Drew 1-1
28 Feb.	Brownhills High School (A) ...	1st XI	Lost 1-5
		2nd XI	Won 2-1
7 March	County Tournament ...		Cancelled
14 March	Wembley.		
21 March	Burton High School (H) ...	1st XI	Drew 4-4
		2nd XI	Won 3-2
		U.15 XI	Lost 1-2

## Netball

1958

6 Dec.	Q.E.G.S., Ashbourne (A) ...	U.14 VII	Lost 8-29
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1959

24 Jan.	Orme Girls' School (H) ...	U.14 VII	Cancelled
21 Feb.	Q.E.G.S., Ashbourne (H) ...	U.14 VII	Lost 10-17
28 Feb.	Brownhills High School (A) ...	U.14 VII	Lost 6-14

**Tennis**

1959

25 April	Rugeley Grammar School (A)	1st VI	Cancelled
2 May	Alleyne's G.S., Stone (H) ...	1st VI	Cancelled
30 May	Q.E.G.S., Ashbourne (H) ...	1st VI	Lost 40-55
6 June	Burton High School (A) ...	1st VI	Won 54-46
13 June	Westwood Hall, Leek (H) ...	1st VI	Lost 44-55
20 June	Stafford High School (A) ...	1st VI	Lost 44-55
21 June	Burton Technical School (H)...	1st VI	Cancelled
11 July	Alleyne's G.S., Stone (A) ...	1st VI	Won 42-39

**Rounders**

1959

25 April	Rugeley Grammar School (A)	U.15 IX	} Cancelled
		U.14 IX	
2 May	Alleyne's G.S., Stone (H) ...	U.15 IX	Cancelled
30 May	Q.E.G.S., Ashbourne (H) ...	U.15 IX	Won by an innings
		U.14 IX	do.
6 June	Burton High School (A) ...	U.15 IX	Won 3½-2
		U.14 IX	Lost 3-4½
13 June	Westwood Hall, Leek (H) ...	U.15 IX	Drew 3-3
		U.14 IX	Lost 2-3
20 June	Stafford High School (A) ...	U.15 IX	Lost 2½-8½
		U.14 IX	Lost 2-11
27 June	Burton Technical School (H)...	U.15 IX	} Cancelled
		U.14 IX	
11 July	Alleyne's G.S., Stone (A) ...	U.15 IX	Lost 0-1½

**Department**

The following girls were awarded badges:

**SENIOR:** K. Finnikin, P. Broadhurst, O. Ward, G. Whitwham, L. Wallis, G. Plant, J. Brown, R. Whittaker, J. Ryder, C. Buxton, H. Lacy.

**MIDDLE:** I. Allan, B. Morton, S. Sherratt, P. Holmes, J. Bloor, P. Clarke, P. Walsh, A. Mycock, J. Williams (3B), G. Prince, T. Barrett, S. Evernden, S. Copestake.

**JUNIOR:** J. Capewell, C. Anderson, M. Bradbury, J. Pitt, A. Vincent, S. Gallimore, G. Haynes, K. Bostin, K. Brown.

## Individual Achievement

### GAMES COLOURS:

*Hockey*—G. Taberner, K. Hill, G. Whitwham, E. Udall.

*Rounders*—N. Harris, P. Clarke, P. Wall, G. Hardwick.

Kathleen Hill was chosen to play Left Wing for Staffordshire Junior 2nd XI.

### ATHLETICS CUPS:

*Junior Champion*—C. Steele.

*Middle Champion*—C. Reeves.

*Senior Champion*—J. Critchlow.

### TENNIS CUPS:

*Singles Champion*—J. Cuff.

*Doubles Champions*—J. Cuff and J. Tipper.

JUNE BODEN CUP FOR ALL ROUND ACHIEVEMENT: C. Reeves.

## HOUSE REPORTS

### Balfour.

Although Balfour has not been very successful this year in House Competitions, it is perhaps due not to the lack of enthusiasm and House spirit but rather to the fact that the senior part of the House is sadly depleted.

The girls worked very well together to raise £17 at our Annual Sale of cakes and sweets, and many Balfourites turned out enthusiastically on two nights for Carol Singing, when we raised £13. We should like to thank all members of other Houses who helped us.

As a result of these efforts, we were able to send the magnificent sum of £30 to the Lifeboat Association, our House Charity; but this would not have been possible without the wonderful help of Miss Taylor and Miss Hutchinson.

The House was very sorry to lose Miss Yates who had been with us for four years.

In the realm of sport our most successful girl was Carolyn Steele who won the Junior Sports Championship. Let us hope that next year Balfour will be more effective and will have mauve ribbons on all the cups.

I wish you all every success!

YVONNE LAWRENCE (*House Captain*).

### Beck.

During the Autumn Term all members of Beck House worked hard to produce a magnificent display of toys for the children of

Biddulph Grange Orthopædic Hospital, and this year we were pleased that Matron and two of the girls from the hospital were able to accompany Mr. Lambert when he came for the toys. In July we again visited the hospital and spent an enjoyable day both in the wards and in the beautiful grounds.

Unfortunately we have not been very successful in competitive events this year, and there are still no cups decorated with green ribbons. I feel that a little more effort is needed on the part of some girls, as is shown by the fact that we were bottom in the preliminary round of the Verse-Speaking Competition, although we did manage to pull up to third place. Also, had more girls entered for sports events we might well have bettered our position of second on Sports Day. It was not for want of trying on the part of the teams that we did not reach greater heights in hockey, tennis, netball and gymnastics, and I hope that next year we shall come nearer to achieving our ambitions.

We are sorry to lose Mrs. Mayer, as she has been a great help to us, but we wish her every happiness as House Mistress of Dunkley.

It only remains for me to wish Beck House a very pleasant and prosperous future, and to hope that their patient efforts will be rewarded with better luck than has fallen their way in the past.

GILLIAN TABERNER (*House Captain*).

### **Budgen.**

A total of £16 12s. 6d. was raised by group efforts and by the annual Whist Drive held in the Autumn Term to aid the Staffordshire Association for the Welfare of the Blind.

We again came very close to winning the Verse-Speaking Competition. If the whole House worked harder we could perhaps regain our old position of first. In the Gym Competition we came second, which was a great improvement on last year's result. The juniors are to be congratulated on their hard work, as are the members of the Rounders team who won the cup, and worked very well together.

I am sure that we could have done much better in the Sports if the individual members of the House had worked harder and shown more interest; the effort should not be left to people like Jennifer, Christine and Margaret, who worked extremely hard.

We were very sorry to say goodbye to Mrs. Clark at the end of the Autumn Term, and to Mrs. Goodfellow in July.

Now, it is up to everyone to work harder and more enthusiastically next year, and may I wish you the best of luck in the future.

MARGARET HARPER (*House Captain*).

### Dunkley.

During the last year most of the girls in Dunkley have worked exceedingly hard, both in raising money for our House Charity and in games activities, but it has become increasingly obvious that more enthusiasm is required in the Middle School.

We were pleased to welcome Miss Poole to our House in September, so that we once more had four House Mistresses. But we are very sorry to lose Miss Lea and Miss Prowse now, at the end of the Summer Term, and we thank them both for their invaluable help and their great interest in House activities. We wish Miss Lea a peaceful retirement and Miss Prowse every happiness in her new post.

In December we held a most successful Sale of Work, which realised £30 for the Treloar Cripples' Training College. All the members of the House worked hard to achieve this wonderful total, and large numbers of attractive Christmas gifts, ranging from pin cushions to overalls, were made by the girls. New competitions were introduced and the sale may be regarded as one of our most satisfactory efforts.

In games Dunkley's position has improved. We won the Hockey Cup, and the Summer Term ended on a note of triumph, for we won the House Tennis championship and also the Verse-Speaking Competition.

Altogether, this year can be regarded as a fairly successful one, and I feel that with a little more effort from some quarters we could further improve our position. Congratulations, Dunkley, and I wish you even greater success in the coming school year.

KAY FINNIKIN (*House Captain*).

### Powell.

Powell House has done fairly well in all House Competitions, maybe spurred on by the lack of yellow ribbons on the Games cups last year.

Owing to a united effort, we were able to win both the Netball Cup and the Gym Competition, coming second in hockey, rounders and tennis. We also managed to win the Sports Cup, finishing over one hundred points ahead of the next House. In Verse Speaking we were only fourth, but for the second year running we won the Deportment Cup.

The Box and Christmas Tree Collections realised over £45, and this sum was sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes. It is pleasing to note that this year's collection is a good deal better than that of last year.



We are sorry to say goodbye to Miss Ewan and Mrs. Hills, and we welcome their successors.

Members of Powell House have made a united effort, and the results attained have been most gratifying. It should be the aim of every member to maintain the high standard reached this year.

MARY RYDER (*House Captain*).

#### Position of Houses

	<i>Balfour</i>	<i>Beck</i>	<i>Budgen</i>	<i>Dunkley</i>	<i>Powell</i>
Hockey ... ..	3	4	5	1	2
Rounders ... ..	5	2	1	2	2
Netball ... ..	4	5	2	3	1
Tennis ... ..	4	4	3	1	2
Deportment ... ..	5	3	2	3	1
Gym Competition	3	5	2	4	1
Verse Speaking ...	5	3	2	1	4

#### NATIONAL SAVINGS

The total savings collected during the year amounted to £131 9s. 6d., which is considerably less than last year's total. If every girl saved only sixpence a week the amount collected in the year would be more than doubled.

A. S. BELCHER.

#### 1st UTTOXETER GIRL GUIDE COMPANY

At the end of the Summer Term the Company lost both its Captain, Miss Yates, and its Lieutenant, Miss Ewan. They had been our officers for three years and had helped us all with our Guide tests. Mrs. Yates, who was Captain of the Company before Miss Yates, and who is also District Commissioner, returns to us as Captain, and we welcome Miss Escott as Lieutenant. Olga Ward is acting Second-lieutenant.

There are now 30 Guides in the Company, of whom 21 have their second-class badges. The three senior Guides, Joan Mackie, Rosemary Rouse and Sylvia Ball, are ready for the final tests for their first-class badges. There are also five new recruits.

During the year, the following badges have been gained:— 5 signallers, 3 hostess, 10 thrift, 3 athlete, 6 gymnast, 9 child-nurse, 1 minstrel, 7 cooks, 1 toymaker, 4 pathfinder, 1 needlewoman, 1 beekeeper, 3 artist, 1 woodman, 4 camper and 6 pioneer.

The Company has attended Armistice Day, St. George's Day, and Civic Sunday Church Parades; and a few senior Guides attended the Empire Youth Service at Lichfield. The Thinking

Day Church Parade was held at Cheadle this year, when the new County Commissioner, Mrs. N. A. Richards, an Australian, took the salute.

Sylvia Ball, Barbara Dulson and Christine Yates were in the Division team which was placed fourth in the County Camping Competition. The Company's camp-fire entertainment, Law Book and Flag Pole represented the Division at the County Challenge Finals at Stafford.

This year the Company camped near Bishop's Castle in Shropshire. The pioneer party went a week before the main party to pitch the tents, make gadgets, and do various other jobs on the camp site. They also spent an enjoyable day at Shrewsbury Show. When the main party arrived, they were able to go on several hikes. Some Guides were tested for pioneer and camper badges in camp.

Our enjoyment of camp was due to Miss Yates's hard work in finding a good site and organising camp. The Company wishes to thank her and Miss Ewan, and also her friends, Miss Richardson and Miss Crofts, for taking us to camp. We were pleased that Miss Ross could spare time to come to visit us, and that Mrs. Yates could come with the main party.

At the present time the Company is busy knitting woollen squares to be made into blankets for refugees, and is now also working for the District Jumble Sale, the proceeds of which will pay the Headquarters subscription and also, we hope, add to our camp equipment fund.

Thanks are due to Mr. Best for helping us to move and store equipment, and to the numerous people who have tested us for Proficiency Badges.

ANN JAMES (*Company Leader*).

### PARENTS' GUILD

*President:* MISS E. M. ROSS, B.A., J.P.

*Chairman:*

*Deputy Chairman:*

MR. H. J. RYDER.

MR. J. S. PHILLIPS.

*Secretary/Treasurer:* MR. W. JONES.

*Committee:*

Miss E. M. Lea and Mrs. E. D. Clark (*Staff Representatives*).

Mrs. E. Whittaker (*Guild representative to High School Board of Governors*).

Mrs. A. Stevenson, Mrs. E. Gilbert, Mrs. J. Finnikin, Mr. T. L. Coxon, Mr. A. J. Mackie, Mr. H. W. Pitt, Mr. J. J. Chapman and Mr. F. Williams.

The membership of the Guild is 205 which seems to be a constant figure. I should welcome a number on roll near to 250.

Dr. J. Gurney Salter of Abbot's Bromley gave an address to an appreciative audience on 26th November, 1958. His subject was "The Advantage of a Wide Education", and many of his controversial remarks provoked and generated much comment. Sixth form girls were privileged to listen to such an excellent talk from the erudite doctor.

On 13th May, 1959, Mr. F. B. Stitt, B.S., B.Litt., the County Archivist from Stafford, gave us an interesting talk on his work and spoke on "Local History related to the district surrounding Uttoxeter". Those parents who forfeited the pleasure of a lovely summer evening were well rewarded by an enlightening discourse and once more the Sixth form girls enjoyed the historical treat.

The Theatre lovers amongst the Guild members, 32 in number, visited Derby Playhouse on 17th June, intending to see a comedy "Dear Delinquent". At the conclusion of Act I, when everyone in the audience was more than interested in the proceedings, the backstage apparatus failed to raise the fire curtain and no further performance was possible for that evening. We returned to Uttoxeter disappointed at the cruel turn of events but ready and eager for the next visit to the same venue.

Dr. B. M. W. Trapnell, Head of Denstone College, gave a brilliant address on 24th June to an audience of 150 parents and friends. He spoke about "The University in the Modern World". The subject matter covered the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Liverpool, Keele and Harvard, gave much food for thought and stimulated the audience to ask many questions. The Sixth form girls no doubt were interested in the opportunities a University education offered to women as compared with those to men.

Two Committee meetings were convened and all the elected members are to be congratulated on their attendance and co-operation for providing the Guild with a varied and interesting programme of activities.

Miss Ross, on behalf of the School, sent a letter of thanks to the Guild for presenting a Tape Recorder as an addition to the School's equipment.

As shown in the Financial Statement at the A.G.M. on 21st October, the present balance in hand is £2 5s. 8d. Recently 240 members have subscribed £18 0s. 0d. towards next year's resources. May the 1960 programme be as successful as the above 1959 record and thanks to all members for your generous support.

WILLIAM JONES (*Secretary/Treasurer*).

## KESSINGLAND

On Friday, 15th May, under the supervision of Miss White and Miss Prowse, we set out by train for our holiday at Kessingland, near Lowestoft in Suffolk. The morning was fine and warm, and we soon became very hot in our winter uniform. We saw some beautiful country as we journeyed from station to station, and we finally reached Lowestoft at about three o'clock, after having passed through Derby, Leicester, Market Harborough, Peterborough, Ely, and Norwich. At Lowestoft we had something to eat and drink, and then boarded the coach which was to take us to the camp. We arrived safely and were shown to our chalets, each holding eight people.

After unpacking, we made up our bunks. This proved more difficult than had been expected, and we all ended up in a heap on the floor, unable to get up for laughing. Having completed our difficult task, we changed into something cool, and went down the cliffs, onto the beach, and into the sea to cool down.

The next day, Saturday, everyone in our chalet was very tired, as we had all been kept awake by mysterious scratching sounds on the wall. This had made everyone sure that there were mice in the chalet, but, after investigating in the morning I found that the scratching sounds had been made by swallows which had built nests under the eaves. That day we visited the Norfolk Broads and on the way there saw three Churches, Blunderston Church, whence could be seen the Rookery, near where David Copperfield was supposed to have been born, Lound Church which contains more gold than any other church in England, and the Church of Saint Helen which has a very high tower giving a glorious view of the surrounding countryside. This Church is known as the "Cathedral of the Broads".

We went for a two-mile trip up the Broads, from Wroxham, on quite a large boat and saw many water hens and Egyptian geese. There were attractive houses on the banks of the Broads and house boats and yachts afloat. We saw George Formby's house boat, Lady Beryl II. On the way back to camp we called at Yarmouth, and went on the pier, and later went shopping.

On Whit Sunday morning we attended the morning service in the large church at Kessingland. In the afternoon we went for a "short twelve-mile stroll", almost half of which was over shingle. When we arrived back at camp, Miss White had to treat most people's feet for blisters, all except Miss Prowse's, for she insisted on treating her own blister, and afterwards complained that her foot hurt her more!

On Monday we visited Framlingham and Aldeburgh. The ruins of Framlingham Castle were very interesting; they are said to be the most important and the best preserved ruins in England. From the Castle we went to the Church of Saint Michael. This contains many beautifully carved tombs belonging to the Howard Family. We watched a gala procession through the streets of Framlingham; this is held every Whit Monday.

The next stop on our journey was at Aldeburgh, where we visited the Moot Hall—the Town Hall or meeting place. In 1591 it was in the centre of the town, but gradually the sea has gained on the land, and now the Moot Hall stands by the sea.

On Tuesday we went to Norwich, and had to wear school uniform which was uncomfortable after slacks! We went to the Castle Museum which was very interesting. There were show cases showing scenes of the typical countryside in Norfolk. There were cases of fashion through the ages, and of animals and birds. The next place to be visited was the Cathedral, which has beautiful carvings on the roof and magnificent stained glass windows. At intervals in the main aisle there were large mirrors to enable people to see the carvings on the roof more clearly.

We got into the coach again in Norwich and travelled on to the Corona Factory of Thomas and Evans. We were shown how all the bottles are cleaned in large expensive machines, and inspected for cracks, dirt or harmful chemicals. Syrup was inserted into clean bottles while they were taken round on a conveyor belt, then the bottles were wrapped in cellophane by hand and finally packed into boxes ready for transporting.

On Wednesday we went into Lowestoft, and first of all visited the Fish Market; the smell was terrible, and we had to be careful in case we slipped on the slime from the fish, and the rain did not help matters. We saw all the different kinds of fishing vessels, and numerous kinds of fish, the latter packed into aluminium tubs and in ice to preserve them. Next we visited the C.W.S. Factory. We saw how tongue was weighed and tinned, and how butter beans were tinned. We watched sausage meat being put into skins, and then packed, and pork pies being made. We watched peas and beans being packed, and labels being put on. The labels on the salmon paste pots were stuck on by hand. We left the C.W.S. Factory, and, after having lunch, we went shopping until half past three, and then went to the cinema to see Kenneth More in "The Thirty-Nine Steps".

On Thursday we visited Blythburg, Dunwich and Southwold, but before we went on our last visit most of us played rounders and baseball against one of the Boys' Schools at the camp, and

then went into the sea. At Blythburg we visited the Church, and noted the beautifully carved "Angel Roof". The choir stalls had once been used as desks and the inkwell holes could still be seen. There was a carving on one of the choir stools done by a foreign boy. This was still clearly visible.

We visited Dunwich next, and there we went down a narrow, winding track onto the beach, and climbed up to the top of the cliffs, which were very steep. There were ruins on the sands beneath, where there had once been a medieval village, and the ruins of All Saints' Church, which had once stood on the tops of the cliffs, but had fallen over when the ground crumbled under its weight. At Southwold we saw an inland lighthouse, and were shown the point where it had been attempted to make a small port, but this plan failed.

The next day, Friday, was very hot, and we were all sad to leave the camp at Kessingland, as we had had such a wonderful time there. We had one last walk on the beach and then got into the coach which was to take us to Lowestoft Station. We had a good journey home, stopping at Ely for lunch and to visit the Cathedral. We arrived back safely and, after heartily thanking Miss White and Miss Prowse for a very enjoyable and interesting holiday, we departed to tell our parents of our adventures.

GILLIAN PRINCE, 4D.

### LADYBOWER RESERVOIR — SUMMER 1959

The hot dry summer has parched the land;  
 The reservoir now is a long stretch of sand;  
 The waters have gone, and I see once again  
 The destruction caused by the hands of men.  
 The old stone village I view once more,  
 A tumbledown cottage without any door;  
 The packhorse bridge o'er the stony stream,  
 Where many in youth would sit and dream;  
 The little grey church where lovers were wed;  
 The gravestones outside where they buried their dead.  
 No flowers, no trees, are growing there now;  
 Brown is the earth that once knew the plough.  
 The water will rise and hide as before  
 The blacksmith's dark forge where he'll labour no more:  
 And under the water by day and by night,  
 Will slumber the village that's lost from our sight.

JOSEPHINE HEATH, 5D.

## THE TOAD

He crouched in the blinding light, a toad, stunned into immobility by the sudden glare. The light shone, smooth and rounded, off his yellow-brown upturned eyes, and ran round the roughness of his back, warted and old; his legs and arms were spread around him. He flattened himself on the pebbles among the damp beech leaves, rustling them slightly, so that the light dripped off them and drained away among the pebbles. On his back, light, sprinkled dust-like, showed and vanished when his sides bulged and collapsed as he breathed. He stirred again, and the smell of wet beech-leaves rose around him; he gathered his legs to him, and the leaves made strange shadows. At last, he crawled off, now toiling laboriously for the shadows over the yielding pebbles, now halting, his legs curled and twisted, gathered in fear. Eventually he vanished, dragging himself, flat-bellied, under the black-dripping branches, while the cool wind rustled the beech leaves, turning them to show new shadows and lights, and blowing their scent to the owls above.

ANN JAMES, L.VI.

## THE TRIALS OF FARM LIFE

For a few moments longer I lay in bed, hugging my pillow as I tried to readjust my memory and reassure myself that it was Saturday and I was entitled to an extra half hour's rest. At last, however, I was forced to become painfully aware that the screeching noise that had been buzzing in my ear for the last five minutes was that of big brother Roger, trying to impress upon my numb brain that the stirks had got out of the field and that my assistance was urgently requested.

"What a life—no peace for the wicked," I grumbled as I reluctantly dragged myself out of bed and groped round for my old faded jeans.

As I clattered downstairs, my temper was not improved on hearing that the wretched animals had not only escaped from their field but had wandered all over the camp (for we live in the midst of an army camp), and it would probably be a full hour before they could be recaptured.

I tugged on my old mud-stained wellingtons and plodded off in search of the infuriating beasts. After some time, I caught sight of them and commenced the tedious job of endeavouring to round them up and get them on the homeward road. After a most harassing quarter of an hour in which one charged off in the wrong direction while another persisted in kicking the unfortunate roan next to it, I eventually achieved this feat and wearily

attempted to hurry the creatures on, for by this time I was ravenously hungry.

Hardly had a minute passed, however, when there came an infuriated hoot from behind me, and on turning round I was confronted by a pair of glaring bespectacled eyes belonging to the face of a very impatient-looking bus driver. Feeling extremely embarrassed, I gave an awkward apologetic sort of smile and turned back, only to observe the exasperating animals walking calmly into the once immaculate garden of the esteemed commanding officer. Oh dear, why did everything happen to me?

As I left the road in a desperate attempt to retrieve my infuriating charges before they could do too much harm, the bus stalled, and I was bombarded with such a string of recriminations from the driver, as to leave my ears ringing for some full ten minutes afterwards. The next few moments were a nightmare, and how I ever succeeded in driving the animals back onto the road still remains a mystery. I did manage it, and once more began the painfully slow process of driving them homeward.

The following three or four minutes passed by uneventfully and on seeing the farmhouse ahead I was just about to congratulate myself on my recent success with the senseless creatures, when they noticed the calves in the field on their right and made one simultaneous charge for a break in the hedge. This was too much. With perspiration pouring from my forehead I resolved in an instant of desperation to leave them there, for I felt I could not cope with such unco-operative animals another second.

Thus I crept sheepishly into the house and was obliged to tell the tale of my incapability. At the time, I felt very vexed and extremely small, but, since, I have been able to see the funny side of it.

PATRICIA BALL, VM.

### A VISIT TO CADBURY'S

On March 19th, 1959, a visit to Cadbury's, "the factory in a garden", at Bournville, was enjoyed by all the fifth forms.

The coach journey proved an ideal excuse to catch up on local gossip, and, together with discussions about the places we noticed, this soon passed the time, until, after what seemed a very short journey, we were approaching Bournville.

Almost surely the most striking feature of Cadbury's is its appearance when one is approaching it. Of course it is extremely large, as one would imagine a factory to be, but there the similarity between the outside of this building and the outside of a factory



ends. It is very attractive, especially from the front. The buildings are large and modern, with lawns, which were, in March, dotted with the beautiful colours of millions of crocuses, leading up to the main building. There were flags of many nations flying, and it could be seen how well the employees were treated, from the number of recreation grounds around the factory, as well as the swimming pool inside the building.

This factory at Bournville is only one of many of Cadbury's factories, but it is the only one that concentrates solely on the production of chocolate sweets and drinks, and is also the oldest and largest of these factories. Some two thousand people work in the offices alone, dealing with the advertising of the products; the designing of the wrappers and boxes, and attending to the mail, for which Cadbury's has its own post office, which can deal with twelve thousand letters a day.

We entered through the main doorway, into the main building of the factory, and, after a short wait in the large, comfortable hall, we commenced our tour, having been divided into small groups, each of which was escorted by a trained guide.

Our first stop on our journey round the factory was in a wide, sloping corridor where there were laid out displays of the chocolates made by Cadbury's. Here, also, we were shown large models of the cocoa beans, their pods, the trees they grow on, and other interesting factors to do with the making of the actual chocolate, and its main ingredient, the cocoa bean. From here we moved to the storerooms, which were piled high with the sacks of products which would make up the chocolate, as we know it. Even though there seemed so much already stored here, more cocoa beans were still being unloaded from the train, which runs right into the factory itself.

It would, as you can probably imagine, have been virtually impossible to take a crowd of school girls around the large, noisy machines, which actually make the chocolate, and the guides' voices would have been drowned in their attempts to explain to us what was happening; so this process was shown to us on a series of very large, working, model machines, and we were able to see just how the chocolate was produced from the raw materials we had seen in the storerooms. Of course there are many little secrets, known only to those who work at Cadbury's, which we were not shown when we saw how the sweets were manufactured, but these would, I am sure, have interested us very little, anyway.

From the building where the chocolate was made, we moved on to see the building where Cadbury's drinking products are made, and here our attention was concentrated on the making of

the tins to hold these products, as everything was done by machines, and the workers just had to feed these with the pieces of tin and the wrappers, which proved a very fascinating process to watch.

We were also taken to see how the centres of the chocolates were inserted, and how the patterns were put on the tops of the sweets. We were shown how chocolate was made into blocks, and how the wrappers for these, and the boxes for the other chocolates, were manufactured, by using wonderful machines.

All through the less noisy buildings in the factory, music was playing, and we were struck, particularly, by the cleanliness of the entire place, as well as the marvellous use that is being made here of machinery.

After our trip round the actual factory, we were taken, by coach, on a tour of Bournville. This is where the workers from Cadbury's live, and it forms a pretty, well planned, small town, with its own technical school, which all trainee workers from the factory have to attend sometime during the week.

As if the free samples we had had whilst touring Cadbury's had not been sufficient, we were, on our return to the main building, given a lovely tea, at which our guides were our hosts, and then to end a wonderful afternoon spent at "the factory in a garden", we were handed booklets and tins of chocolates, as souvenirs of our visit to Cadbury's.

CAROLE BUXTON, L.6.

### CAMPING AT COLLINGHAM

So this was to be our home for the next week! After travelling by lorry from the station, and then negotiating two fields—thronged with hens, which threatened to draw at any minute their last breaths, under the wheels of the lorry—we were pleased to alight in the large field, which looked bare and burnt after our wonderful summer. Our first thoughts upon beholding a camp-site so free from puddles and muddy patches, were ones of gratitude which, when we were vainly attempting to erect gadgets, or to dig fireplaces in the hardbaked clay, changed to sighs for the damp loam of Sandringham.

Soon our tents were erected, and our kit precariously balanced on gadgets which threatened to collapse every time we had Tent Inspection: then it was that we discovered the drawback of having a site so far (or, at least, thus it seemed!) from human habitation, for it was necessary to wheel a cylinder of water all the way to and from the farm three times each day, and, although this was supposed to be used for drinking purposes, it was, to the disgust of Water Patrol, also used for other purposes.

When we were told that all our other water was to come from "the stream" we expected to discover a crystal spring issuing from a rocky fissure: what should we see but an overgrown waterway about six inches deep and twelve inches wide. Said our C.O., "It is quite clean, really. One just moves away the scum, and then the water is clear". The only advantage of having a stream was in observing water life—especially in our bowls of washing water!

Night came all too soon, and, with it, bed. I still have memories of frantically inflating my air-bed, and scouring the ground with a torch in an effort to ensure that no stray thistle would ruin my air-bed in the small hours, whilst, as I did so, the C.O. came slowly nearer to see that we were all in bed, before blowing "Lights Out".

Why is it that, however warm and comfortable my bed, I can never sleep after five in the morning? Be that as it may, I awoke at the usual hour, and, having summoned the courage required to leave my sleeping bag, I made my way to the stream, and an icy bowl of water. Unfortunately—I cannot think why—my tent mates were not too pleased to be awakened—by me—at the perfectly reasonable hour of six, so, on the following days, I myself rested until six before airing my bed, and polishing innumerable pairs of shoes.

Ah! She who has never been to camp will never realise the inestimable value of shoes—they are invaluable as holders of torches, shoe polish, string, and numberless other articles!

Camp life, however, does not consist entirely of cooking, water carrying, inspections, and sleeping. We spent a most enjoyable time at Lincoln, where we climbed to the top of a fort on the castle, from which there was an extensive view of Lincoln, of the surrounding country, and, especially, of the cathedral. The castle is now used as the assize court of Lindsey and Kesteven, and, next to the court, there is a chapel with the seats constructed in such a way that the prisoners cannot see each other, but the preacher can see them all. Feeling tired after climbing into the dark and cobwebby dungeon to see marks carved by prisoners, we climbed a flight of over fifty steps, expecting to see something of interest, when what should we find but a graveyard, the headstones in which were inscribed with initials alone!

The coldest day of our stay was spent at Sutton-on-Sea, bathing, and then looking for the seemingly non-existent pier, which, or so the inhabitants told us, was "only a little farther on". It was on the morning of this day that it was our turn to be Cook Patrol: lying, quite warm, in my sleeping bag, watching the mist swirling

through the open tent flaps, I really had no desire to rise. However, once we had washed in icy-cold water we began to feel slightly warmer; although our fingers were so numb that it appeared impossible that it was the middle of the summer holidays. Having eventually found the matches in a tin labelled "Sugar", what should we find written on the reverse side but, "He who believes that, where there is smoke there is a flame, has not been cooking on a camping trip"! Whether that box had been specially selected, or whether it was merely a coincidence, I shall never know. However, once the fire was alight, it was surprising to see nearly everyone issuing forth to warm themselves—all, that is, except the Guiders, who, we are sure, were still asleep!

The following day we spent in making our patrol emblems—this was the only day on which everyone was eager to saw wood. Not all the emblems reached completion: ours, St. Francis, was one of the three which did. Groping around the wash tents, searching vainly for the jug of drinking water, we were feeling most indignant at the forgetfulness of Water Patrol—until we realised the identity of the culprits, at which revelation we crept back to our tent, as "Lights Out" was sounding!

During our stay we visited "the key to the North", visiting the Parish Church of Saint Mary Magdalene, with its beautifully carved and painted Rood Screen. All the churches we visited had these, so we came to the conclusion that it must be a Lincolnshire ecclesiastical fashion.

The oldest church we visited was that of Holme, in the diocese of Southwell; this building was so old that the original date of dedication had been lost in the mists of the past, so it was re-dedicated in 1926. It was here that a person called "Nell" sheltered during the plague, emerging to find herself the only survivor. The room which she inhabited was small, cobwebby, and reached by a worn-out staircase—in fact, we all wondered how she was able to eke out an existence there, presumably with hardly any food or drink, but with mice for company!

All too soon it was time to pack our kit, strike our tents and return home. In the middle of camp, when we were going to bed resembling Eskimos, how we all longed for a warm house in which to sleep, but, when that time was only a few hours away, we remembered the sunny though windy days, fully expecting to be met, at Uttoxeter, by a torrential downpour. Now it is all over for another year, but the memories of camp—especially those of climbing the spiral staircase in Lincoln Castle, which ceased to exist for about a yard, and was replaced by a stout chain—will always be with us.

GRACE PLANT, L.VI.

## SOUNDS

I love to hear the rain  
 Come rushing, beating down;  
 I love to hear the train  
 Come rumbling through the town;  
 I love to hear the wind  
 Come whistling through the trees;  
 I love to hear the waves  
 Leap crashing on the seas.

MARGARET HOWE, 1B.

## A JUJU

Three miles out of Okene, a little village in Northern Nigeria, there is a large hill, and balanced on top of it there is a huge rectangular rock. This is called the Juju rock. Every so often the sun rises directly behind it and shines on it. Then the natives celebrate this with a special festival.

They would dress in their juju clothes and assemble outside the fetish or juju man's hut. The fetish man would wear a grass skirt and he would have a huge crocodile mask. He would also wear juju beads made from crocodile teeth and carry a huge stick covered with the skins and tails of wild animals. He would lead the natives towards the juju rock, chanting a weird song. As they trotted through the bush they would all take it up, their voices rising higher and higher in excitement.

When they reached the juju rock the fetish man would kneel down and cry out in his native language, "Ogre tuara Kanda, juan tam beauro o ta dara," which means "O great god, I have come to give you sacrifices." Then all the natives would repeat it as they salaamed. The fetish man would then sacrifice a lamb, a chicken and a dog.

After this was over the natives would trot back to Okene to begin their feasting. When they reached Okene they would all meet at the market place where the revels and feasting would take place. To the throbbing of the native drums they would dance with slow, musical rhythm. After the dancing they would all sit down in a large circle and start their feast. They would eat yams and soup, chopped porpoi, oranges and bananas and finally they would drink palm wine.

After a tiring but happy day the natives would return to their homes and beds.

LESLEY GEARY, 2A.

### NEW FOREST PONIES

Deep in the forest is a glen,  
Which is the ponies' secret den;  
The sunlight dapples through the trees,  
And shadows waver in the breeze.

The forest ponies come to drink,  
Some stopping at the water's brink,  
But one is braver than the rest,  
And wades in deeply to her chest.

This horse, with baby newly foaled,  
Enjoys the water, clear and cold,  
But timid baby dares not go  
Where the deeper waters flow.

The horse and baby leave the pool,  
To wander through the forest cool,  
Until they find a leafy glade,  
And rest contented in the shade.

JANET MORGAN, 1A.

### FOX HUNTING

#### (1)

The fox-hunting season starts as soon as the farmers have harvested their corn. The first part of the season is taken up with cub-hunting. This is when the followers surround the wood, and make various noises which prevent the young cubs from escaping. The old, more-experienced foxes know that noise cannot hurt them, and they run from the wood to safety. The young hounds usually succeed in killing at least one cub. But sometimes the cub "goes to earth", which means they flee to their earths or any other means of escape such as underground pipes or drains.

Then in November the actual fox-hunting season begins. This starts with the "Opening Meet", which is a wonderful sight to see; the Masters and Whip in their red coats, and the hounds impatiently waiting to move off to the nearest cover.

When the cover is reached it is "drawn", and if a fox is there it escapes, and the familiar cry of "Tally-ho!" is heard. The chase across miles of countryside then begins, but sometimes all this is in vain. If the scent is good, the fox may eventually be killed; but if it is poor, the fox usually escapes, and another cover is drawn. This sport goes on throughout the winter and finishes about April.

Many of you reading this will immediately say, "Fox-hunting is cruel, and ought to be abolished." But the fact remains; foxes do harm—they deserve to be killed!

PAT CLARKE, 4M.

(2)

I live and was born in the Meynell Country, where most of the local fox-hunting takes place. I was not very old when I first followed the hounds with my brothers. Since then I have hated this terrible cruelty called "sport".

We must think that one small fox has to compete with fifty or more hounds in a battle for its life. The hounds are well fed and kept in excellent condition, while the fox has to live on what it can catch. Therefore the fox tires quickly, the "brush", or tail, being extra weight and a hindrance.

The first time I saw a "kill" I was shocked. The hounds had run the fox across several fields making for a coppice, where the fox had its lair. These holes had previously been "stopped up" and when the fox found it impossible to go to ground he turned to face his pursuers with little fight left. The Master of the Hunt immediately jumped off his horse and, calling off his hounds, drew his knife to cut off the fox's muddy tail, then threw the sweat-drenched body to the blood-thirsty hounds. A few seconds later there was little left of the poor creature except scattered pieces of fur and bone.

The master is indeed a proud man, at the end of the day, if he has two or three blood-painted tails hanging from his saddle. In my opinion, he has no reason to be proud of the killing of these helpless creatures. And one of these tails may have belonged to a vixen who has left a young family to starve.

LINDA FRADLEY, 4C.

## MY FIRST VISIT TO BIDDULPH GRANGE

Last summer the members of Beck House went to visit Biddulph Orthopaedic Hospital.

At eleven o'clock one sunny morning, the coach stopped outside the large, stone hospital which stands in beautiful, rambling grounds. First the Matron took us into the wards where we met the children, who, despite their handicaps, were very bright and cheerful. Next we visited the operating theatre and looked at the impressive rows of shining steel instruments in the cabinets there. We then watched a boy having his leg put in plaster; the sister explained every stage clearly and I thought that it was very interesting.

At lunch time we ate our sandwiches in the grounds, then spent a delightful hour following the winding paths around the shining lake, exploring the caves and tunnels, and looking at the beautiful array of flowers.

We went back to the wards where we distributed the books and comics which we had taken, and talked to the children again.

We had enjoyed ourselves so much that we had not noticed the time but eventually we regretfully said goodbye and climbed into the coach which was to bring us back to school.

I am sure that everyone who went to Biddulph Grange will join me in thanking Miss Bullock and Miss Sidaway for making this outing so enjoyable.

AUDREY ARROWSMITH, 2A.

### EVENING

When the sky is bronze and blue,  
When the sun is red,  
When the dusk is creeping down,  
Then rooks flock home to bed.

When the light is fading fast,  
When the shadows fall,  
When the trees grow grim and dark,  
Then the night owls call.

When the silver moon is rising,  
When the clouds her brightness veil,  
When the world in darkness slumbers,  
Then sings the nightingale.

JANET ASTLE, 1A.

### THREE WEEKS ON WHEELS

Take one caravan, one car, one Mother, one Father, one sister and four countries, and you arrive at my summer holidays. The reason we decided to go abroad, was that our holidays in 1958 consisted of fourteen days of continual rain, plus the wearing out of our winter woollies. So my Father decided this year to ensure that we had at least some sunshine.

It took us two and a half days to get to the South of France, and believe it or not, it was raining when we got there. So we continued straight on into Italy and had better luck with the weather there, where we managed to arrive at Pisa. We found a lovely camping site, excepting hundreds of huge lizards, ants and sand beetles, just outside Pisa, which was our base for a few days.



It had a beautiful private beach with white sand glistening in the hot sun, and the bright blue sea beckoning us beyond resistance.

It would never do to visit Pisa without seeing the leaning tower, so one glorious day we set off to view the remarkable structure, and were overjoyed at being allowed to walk up the hundreds of spiral steps at such a small charge. It was quite peculiar walking on the sloping side, as it throws you to one side, but on reaching the top it is well worth the walk, as there is a wonderful view of miles of surrounding countryside, and of the famous cathedral at the tower's side.

One thing I shall never risk doing again in Italy, is ordering lunch myself. For, on asking for fish, the waiter placed before me a plateful of about twenty, small, individual fish, complete with eyes, tails and innards, all fried. I tried to be polite, and not to offend their cooking, and attempted to eat them, but after skinning about three of them, I gave up, only just preventing myself from being sick.

Our next stop was Venice, a very unusual town which I enjoyed because of the narrow, picturesque alleys accompanied by canals, with no noise of traffic, except, of course, for a few motor boats; but otherwise just the gentle lapping of water as a gondola silently steals under a narrow humped bridge. But it again started to rain!

Then on to Switzerland, which I think is a most wonderful country. Our poor car pulling our faithful caravan managed very well round the steep hairpin bends, but we dare not risk the St. Gotthard's Pass. So we all piled into a car train, which took us right through the heart of a mountain. Quite an experience! We spent our longest stay in Switzerland, which included taking a wrong turning while exploring, and getting lost on an isolated mountain track shrouded in a cloud, with none of us able to speak German well. And when we inquired the way at a farmhouse, we did not get very much information, although the people were very willing to help us.

The holiday had to end sometime, and we sadly made our way home through Germany, then West to Paris, and so to Boulogne, and finally to England where, although it was the first time in quite a few weeks, it had decided to rain again. But we all agreed that we had had a much, much better time than last year.

PAULINE PHILLIPS, 4M.

## YARMOUTH DOCKS

Large boats, small boats, cargo boats, fishing boats, pleasure boats and barges all seem to find their place on the dockside at

Yarmouth. When it was suggested that we should spend a whole precious morning of our holiday looking over the docks I groaned, but now I am glad we visited them.

It was soon after ten o'clock when we reached the dockside and our first glimpse of dock life was to see a cargo ship being loaded with scrap metal which had previously been baled. The ship's name was "Arizona" but as far as I could see she was typically English. Great cranes lifted the heavy bales as easily as a strong magnet lifts a pin and placed them in the ship's hold, while full trucks replaced the emptied ones along-side the ship.

Across the river a Baltic timber ship was being unloaded. About twenty men were employed in the task and it was surprising how quickly they progressed. A strong cable was fastened round the planks and then they were lifted over into the timber sheds by the ship's crane. Not only was the timber stowed in the hold but it was also piled high on the deck, only held in by vertical poles at the sides, or so it appeared. This was not the only timber ship docked at that time. About half a mile down river, at the other end of the timber yards, the last planks were being unloaded from another ship. Along that whole half mile of the docks the timber was stacked two rows deep and ten feet high; there must have been thousands of tons of Baltic timber there waiting to be used.

We walked further along the docks and then behind some of the scrap yards where I noticed an old lorry loaded with scrap iron which had obviously been driven into the yard and left for scrap itself. When we returned to the waterside we found ourselves outside Trinity House. Here two of the Trinity House workers were having their morning break. One of them told us some interesting facts about both the docks and the ships.

Down river was a very new-looking ship called "Ida Clausen" which our friend told us was a new cattle boat and at the side there was a block of sheds where we were told the cattle had to stay for twenty-four hours before they could board ship. These, we saw later, were light and airy and contained food, water and bedding for the cattle. Our guide also told us that the docks were very busy for this time of the year but that the most interesting time was the return of the Scottish herring fleet in October.

While we were talking a pleasure boat went past with a load of visitors bound for the "Scrobie Islands". "See that boat," said our guide, as we afterwards called him, "she was a "U" boat in the war and my word she could go." Then he continued to explain that when the war ended a firm had bought her, taken out the powerful Rolls-Royce engines and replaced them with more economical ones, turning her into a pleasure boat. "And my word," he added, "she ain't 'alf a little gold mine."

We then asked if the docks were bombed at all during the war. Pointing to a very new building behind us, he explained that for a small port Yarmouth had been bombed considerably and that the new building was built on the site of a terrible slum area so the bombing had done some good. Our guide very proudly, while on the subject of new things, told us that they were awaiting the arrival of a new Trinity House ship and, pointing up river to a dredger at work, he explained that she drew seventeen feet of water; in other words, she needed seventeen feet of water before she would float, and they were having to do extensive dredging to obtain a channel that deep at low tide.

Having thanked and said goodbye to our guide we continued on along the waterside. Before we returned to our hotel for lunch we saw the Bird's-Eye frozen foods depot and the Shell-B.P. refinery. Altogether it was a most interesting morning, our only wish being that we had taken extra films for our cameras. Between us we only had eight exposures and we were unable to buy a film of any type.

SUSAN SHERRATT, 5M.

### SPRING SURPRISE

I had a little pot plant,  
     Nothing would it grow;  
 I coddled it and coaxed it  
     All through the winter snow.  
 I fed it fertiliser  
     But still it wouldn't try;  
 So I gave it to a lady  
     Feeling sure that it would die.

Next Spring I went to see her,  
     She greeted me with glee.  
 Said she, "Come, see your pot plant.  
     I've watered it with tea."  
 I stood and gazed upon it,  
     'Twas a most alarming size.  
 Said she, "I took it to the show  
     And with it won FIRST PRIZE !!"

ANNETTE MATTHEWS, L.VI.

### THE OLD COLD GENTLEMAN

The old, cold gentleman  
 Is walking in the town,  
 And all the leaves, in all the streets  
 Come softly tumbling down;  
 The twinkling moon looks through the hedge  
 Inquisitive and bright,  
 For the old, cold, gentleman  
 Will visit us tonight.

The old, cold, gentleman  
 Is walking in the lane,  
 And the cart-tracks all are laced with ice  
 Where once was summer rain;  
 The window blooms with silver gems  
 That were not there before,  
 For the old, cold, gentleman  
 Is knocking at the door.

IRENE TAYLOR, 2B.

### RIBBONS AND BOLTS

One day, near the end of the summer term, Miss Yates and Miss White took a party of girls out for the day to Cheadle and Froghall. Both the third forms went. We set out in two Whieldon's coaches, which we boarded at the school gates, at about a quarter past nine. Then the two coaches departed, each on a different route; our coach went to the copper works, while the other coach went to the textile mill.

When we arrived we were divided into groups of six or seven girls, and a guide adopted each party. It was very hot in most parts of the copper works, because of the red-hot metal and blazing furnaces. We saw the rough copper ore in trucks, and watched in fascination as it went through the different processes: heating in furnaces, rolling through very big metal rollers, shaping on bars and drilling with "bores". At one place the long, very thin red-hot pipe came rushing down a slope and slithered right by our feet. The heat was intense.

Nuts, bolts and springs are some of the things that are made at Froghall Copper Works. We saw examples of these in a showcase, as we neared the end of our journey. At times we could hardly hear what our guide said, but it was a very interesting morning.

We met the other coach load at Dimmingsdale, where we ate our packed lunches under some shady trees.

As soon as some of the more energetic people had finished dinner, they immediately set off for a ramble. We followed a few minutes later. During the walk we met a forester, who talked to us about forest fires and the new trees which had been planted. After this we came to a ruined mill and Miss Yates told us about the machinery inside. Then Miss White said we must go back as the coach drivers would be waiting; so we set off again.

In the afternoon we went to the Cheadle textile mill, while the other coach went to the copper works. Here we were again divided into parties with guides, most of the guides being women who worked in the mills. There was a terrible noise from the machines. Most of the material we saw being made was labels for clothes, ribbons and tapes. It was fascinating to watch names gradually appearing on labels. Once, we nearly walked into some nylon thread from a machine, because it was so fine we could barely see it. As a memento of our visit we were taken to the packing room in the basement, and given some labels. There were great hampers of tapes and ribbons packed up on the floor. In the end we had handfuls of labels.

All of us enjoyed the trip very much and were very grateful to Miss Yates and Miss White for taking us.

RUTH PHILLIPS, 4D.

## STORK TOWN

"Yes, we live from the storks." This was the answer which the English-speaking waiter gave to the last of my questions, "Do you like the storks to come?"

We were, as you may have guessed, staying in the oldest town in Denmark, Ribe, often called the Storks' Town. It is situated a little south of Esbjerg where you would probably land if you sailed from England.

We were told that we should not see any storks since they usually left before mid-August and it was mid-August now. The most probable place to find any late leavers would be here in Ribe but even here there was some doubt.

We saw some storks that had been delayed. What interested us most was how people took great trouble to welcome them. Some had built into their chimneys a steel arrangement which supported a ring as big as a cart wheel. The ring had supports across it so that it would be convenient for the storks to weave their twigs and reeds which they use for nest making. We also saw where steps had been taken to keep chimneys clear of storks.

One afternoon we watched, long and patiently, a nest on a farm building. The nest had two young storks. We were probably twenty yards away from the nest but could see all. The young birds were about eighteen inches high and were already trying their wings. About four feet above the nest they would fly only to return and alight gracefully. This was carried out in an orderly manner and in turn. A passer-by said they would be gone in a day or two. Once they left the nest they never returned.

Why did they come back to this part of Denmark? Because it is fertile, flat, unwooded land with a good choice of fat frogs and reeds which are necessary for the storks.

JANE ELLIS, 2A.

### THE WITCH'S CAT

When owls come out to hunt for mice,  
And other poor and wretched things,  
Out comes this spiteful creature black,  
To watch the witch in magic rings.

With two bright emeralds she sees  
Mushrooms turn to glittering gold,  
While in the sky the Northern Lights  
Flash with a light so crisp and cold.

She vanishes ere dawn arrives,  
Fleeing from light on broomstick long,  
This silky creature with nine lives,  
With needle claws and lonely song.

JANET HARRIS, 4M.

### DOVEDALE

Last July, about a week after examinations, Miss White and Mrs. Goodfellow took a party of girls to Dovedale. I am sorry to say the morning was rather cold and wet, but nevertheless we set out in good spirits.

Stevenson's 'bus took us to Butterton, where we put on our mackintoshes and alighted from the 'bus. We proceeded down a narrow farm road to Wetton Mill, and then on to the Manifold Valley, down a very steep, winding road.

On arriving at the Manifold Valley, we ordered a welcome cup of coffee each, at the café-farmhouse combined. Later Miss White took us through a field to the river's edge. Here the river flowed underground through some swallow holes. In the bed of the river

were many boulders, and one valley side had a precipitous slope.

After walking along the valley-road, which used to be the railway, we found the bus waiting for us and we rode to Milldale, where we ate our picnic lunches by the river.

Then Miss White and Mrs. Goodfellow took us through Milldale, and eventually, after about one and a half hours' walking, we arrived at Dovedale. On the way we stopped and climbed up some swallow holes, and Miss White explained how they had been formed. We also saw a whirlpool, but this had wire round it to prevent any accidents. By the stepping stones at Dovedale the water was very shallow. Those who were not too tired climbed up Thorpe Cloud, and the rest sat down by the river's edge.

After buying refreshing drinks we walked along the narrow valley to the bus which was waiting for us at the bottom of the Isaac Walton drive.

We returned via Okeover Park, Mayfield and Rocester, and arrived at School tired but happy after a very enjoyable day.

JOAN SWIFT, 5M.

### THE DAY I MET A CELEBRITY

A week before our summer holidays Father received a letter containing very exciting news: we were all to meet Pat Smythe. How excited I was! I just couldn't wait for the holidays. At last after a long dragging week we started on our way to Miserden in the Cotswolds.

As soon as we arrived in Miserden we went to her house. Miss Smythe's secretary, Miss Berry, came to meet us and said, "Miss Smythe is finishing her lunch. Come into the hall and look at her trophies." We all hurried in and admired the cups greatly. My sister and I counted ninety-seven cups, two silver salvers, a hundred and ninety rosettes and a large, glass horse's head with not a single air bubble in it.

Just then Miss Smythe appeared, dressed in a gay check shirt and a pair of jodhpurs. She greeted us and we all went outside to be introduced to her two dogs, Windy and Bliss. Then two girls appeared on riding horses. Miss Smythe called them over and we were told that the horses' names were Brigadoon and Oberon, both in training and belonging to her. Then both horses went into the field to continue their training.

Miss Smythe waved her dog's paw to the camera when having a ciné film taken. Then to my joy she autographed my book "Jump for Joy".

After that we shook hands and went on our way. My sister was very pleased as Miss Smythe had used her pen, and for the rest of the day my thoughts were at Miserden with Miss Smythe and the horses.

MARGARET BURGIN, 1A.

### A VISION OF FRANCHISE

*(With apologies to the candidates and to Byron)*

And now behold the Parties plead for votes,  
The Candidates — and all of equal worth!  
Now each in turn his Manifesto quotes,  
And promises the latest Freedom's birth,  
And despot's death — or bureaucrat; he totes,  
From out his Party's slot-machine, the Earth,  
And Heaven — by implication — but who knows  
If Hell in future with this offer goes?

Hear the Capitalist, the Tory, claim,  
"You know you've never had it yet so good."  
It may be so; we guzzle wine and game,  
While seething Asian millions die for food.  
And now the farming Nationalisers blame  
The guilty men of Suez — flinging mud,  
Part of this land for which they say you've fretted,  
And now, by Nye! they will make sure you get it!

But who is this between, so ill defined?  
His shrunken shape his garments seem to smother;  
Position changing as he changes mind,  
So leans he first to one side, then to t'other.  
Though to the wilderness one time consigned,  
By helicopter coming, at another,  
Behold a hopeful Rump returning, and you're  
Now gazing on the ghost of Liberal grandeur.

UPPER 6.

### AN EVENTFUL AFTERNOON

During the summer holidays, I went one day with my aunt to London Airport to send off a puppy to Hong-Kong.

We were bowling merrily along in the car when suddenly an acrid smell reached us. We leaped out to investigate, and after about ten minutes with our heads under the bonnet, we became aware of a steady drip-drip. The radiator had sprung a leak!



We were wondering what to do when I suddenly spotted a brightly coloured slot machine by a small shop across the road. Chewing-gum! All we had with us in the way of small change was a pound note and, since it was before two o'clock, all the shops were shut.

My aunt said, "Look in the glove box; there might be some pennies there."

I opened the glove box and was practically buried by the avalanche of junk which poured out. From behind old dog-show schedules, leashes, road maps and a mouldering tin of peanut butter, I finally unearthed some pennies and was able to buy some chewing-gum. There we stood by the side of the road in the broiling sun, solemnly chewing gum until it became the right consistency of guinness to mend the radiator. At last we were able to proceed.

As we were doing fifty miles an hour along the South Circular Road, I suddenly remembered that this was the very road on which, less than a week ago, my aunt had been pulled up for speeding. When I reminded her of this, she gaily replied, "Oh, they won't catch me twice in one week." Famous last words! But she was right. The fates were on our side and we reached our destination without further mishap.

On entering the airport we came to a long, brightly-lit tunnel, over the top of which "Runway One" passes. We passed through this and were immediately plunged into the bewildering maze of roads which spreads like a gigantic spider's web over the whole airport. The next thing was to find the B.E.A. freight shed. The freight sheds are built in rows with narrow roads in between them and we seemed to drive among them for miles without getting anywhere. Everyone of whom we asked the way told us something different but in spite of this we at last found it. The box containing the puppy was whisked off to be weighed and my aunt was presented with a pile of forms to be filled in. This gave me a chance to look around. The whole shed seemed to revolve round the line of telephones which rang incessantly and everyone seemed very busy. At last we were able to escape, feeling rather sad but having been assured that our small traveller would have every care.

Feeling in need of refreshment, we repaired to the Queen's Building and sat for some time on the Roof Gardens, eating ice cream and watching planes arriving and taking off. We saw the quaint little buses which take people for rides round the airport. On the way back to the car we passed many little shops which sell everything from post cards to peanuts. There is every amenity for the day-tripper, including a paddling pool for children.

What struck me most forcibly about London Airport was the noise. Imagine thousands of people trying to make themselves heard above the din of plane engines and you will have some idea of what London Airport sounds like. And the different languages! To hear people conversing animatedly in Chinese or Russian is entirely a matter of course.

I now realise why London Airport is called the Gateway to the World.

JANE PITT, 3A.

## JULY

There is a warm, heavy silence,  
Save the insects' drowsy hum;  
In the golden scented sunlight  
The valley lies empty, dumb.

Only the midges dance  
Over the hazy river,  
And we, on the dusty grass,  
Lie dreaming, it seems, for ever.

ANN CHAPMAN, L.VI.

## THE SWANNERY, ABBOTSBURY

During my summer holidays which I spent at Lyme Regis, Dorset, my parents, brother and I travelled along the coast to Abbotsbury.

Abbotsbury was built in the Middle Ages and took its name from the monks who came to stay there. The monks brought with them four swans and now there are one thousand, five hundred and they are looked after by the National Trust in a sanctuary called a swannery.

The swannery is a kind of park with small forests of bamboo and tropical grass on which the swans feed and build their nests. The sea is cut off from the swannery by a wall and so forms a large lake. Running through the park from the lake is a little stream and over this is built a wire tunnel through which wild swans, which land on the lake to rest, are decoyed. At the end of the tunnel is a hut where the wild swans are examined before being allowed to mix with the other swans.

When the cygnets have grown into beautiful, graceful swans some of them are given to people to adorn artificial lakes in parks or estates.

WENDY SHUFFLEBOTHAM, 3B.

### JOAN BIDS FAREWELL TO THE MEUSE

Farewell, gentle Meuse, who didst lull me in childhood,  
 Remain in the meadows still flowing so softly;  
 Dear Meuse, farewell; my face have I turned  
 T'wards alien regions where you do not flow.  
 Behold, I set out for those unknown lands;  
 I have battles to fight and rivers to cross;  
 I shall travel afar, new tasks to adventure.  
 And while I am gone you, unknowing, uncaring,  
 Will flow ever on in your own blessed vale,  
 Surrounded as ever by fresh springing grasses,  
 O river immortal, O Meuse that I loved.

You will flow ever onwards in this blessed valley,  
 Where yesterday flowing, tomorrow will still flow;  
 You never will know that the shepherdess left you,  
 She who amused herself, childlike, by hollowing  
 For you fresh channels which you never flowed in.  
 She takes new paths now, deserting her sheep,  
 And the spinner departs now, deserting her spindles.  
 Far now I am going from your kindly waters,  
 Far now from our homes I am taking my way,  
 O river unchanging, O Meuse that I used to love!

When shall I return here to spin out my thread?  
 When again by my home see your waters still flowing?  
 When shall we meet again, or ever meet again?  
 O Meuse I love still, my river I love!

L. WALLIS

G. WHITWHAM, U.VI.

### THE OLD GIRLS' SOCIETY

The Annual General Meeting for 1959 was held on October 16th. The attendance was quite good and I am sure that those who did make the effort to attend had an enjoyable evening meeting old friends.

The entertainment of the evening took the form of a talk given by Ann Blackhurst who has recently spent a year studying in Paris. Ann told us of life spent with students of many nationalities and of her feeble efforts to speak French when she first arrived there. After a few misunderstandings, however, she seems to have got on quite well.

E. HARRIS (*Secretary*).

## BIRTHS

- To Mr. and Mrs. Driscoll (Dorothy Weston), a son (born in Cyprus).
- To Mr. and Mrs. G. Fowler (Jean Twigg), a daughter.
- To Mr. and Mrs. R. Hill (Monica Brown), a daughter.
- To Mr. and Mrs. J. S. McCann (Joyce Bailey), a son.
- To Mr. and Mrs. J. McFarlane (Hilda Muggleston), a daughter.
- To Mr. and Mrs. Morrison (Margaret Lovatt), a son.
- To Mr. and Mrs. D. Nunn, a daughter (Julia).
- To Mr. and Mrs. Powell (Shirley Hoptroff), a daughter.
- To Mr. and Mrs. J. Udall (Wendy Bowring), a son.
- To Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler (June Cart), a son.
- To Mr. and Mrs. Wood (Mabel Washburn), a son.

## MARRIAGES

- Adams—Plant. On 12th September, at St. Mary's Parish Church, Uttoxeter, Colin R. Adams, of London, to Dora M. Plant, of Lower Loxley.
- Bayley—Pearce. On 28th March, at St. Mary's Parish Church, Uttoxeter, Brian Bayley to Marion Pearce, both of Uttoxeter.
- Bloor—Fallows. On 20th August, at Kingsley Parish Church, Arthur B. Bloor, of Bramshall, to Margaret H. Fallows, of Cheadle.
- Blore—Oakes. On 1st August, at St. John's Church, Hollington, Roy O. Blore, of Spath, to Dorothy Oakes, of Hollington.
- Brown—Turner. On 31st October, at St. Mary's Catholic Church, Uttoxeter, Derek George Brown to Hazel Turner, both of Uttoxeter.
- Chandler—Hitchen. On 4th April, at St. Mary's Parish Church, Uttoxeter, Jack E. Chandler, of Sheldon, Solihull, to Shelagh Hitchen, of Uttoxeter.
- Cooper—Plant. On 30th March, at St. Mary's Parish Church, Uttoxeter, Harold A. Cooper, of Wednesbury, to Evelyn M. Plant, of Lower Loxley.
- Dumsday—Udall. On 1st August, at St. Mary's Catholic Church, Uttoxeter, Alan E. Dumsday, of Battersea, London, to Brenda M. Udall, of Uttoxeter.

- Dunn—Winfield. On 4th April, Clifford Dunn to Marilyn Winfield.
- Foster—Pratt. On 10th October, at Uttoxeter Congregational Church, Derrick R. Foster to Rachel M. Pratt, both of Uttoxeter.
- Ford—Barton. On 20th April, at St. Mary's Parish Church, Uttoxeter, Maurice J. Ford to Pamela Barton, both of Uttoxeter.
- Gibson—Snape. On 23rd May, at St. Mary's Parish Church, Uttoxeter, Arthur Gibson, of Bramshall, to Sylvia Snape, of Uttoxeter.
- Hardy—Hellaby. On 15th August, at St. Werburgh's Parish Church, Hanbury, Colin W. Hardy, of Leicester, to Valerie Hellaby, of Fauld.
- Jones—Talbot. On 24th September, at St. Lawrence's Church, Bramshall, Richard A. Jones, of Woolton, to Margaret C. Talbot, of Bramshall.
- Kirkham—Eaton. On 6th June, at Fradswell Parish Church, Thomas D. Kirkham, of Newcastle-under-Lyme, to Rosemary Eaton, of Fradswell.
- Langton—Forrester. On 28th March, at Rocester Methodist Church, David J. Langton to Sheila M. Forrester, both of Rocester.
- Large—Wright. On 1st August, at Denstone Church, Donald W. Large, of Alton, to Pamela M. Wright, of Denstone.
- Lowndes—Bettany. An 22nd August, at St. Filamena's Roman Catholic Church, Caverswall, Kenneth Lowndes, of Penk-hull, to Margaret Bettany, of Dilhorne.
- Manning—Browning. On 15th August, at St. Thomas's Church, Walton, Stafford, Richard A. Manning to Jill Browning (now in Montreal, Canada).
- Povey—Blood. On 14th February, at St. Mary's Parish Church, Uttoxeter, Stanley J. Povey, of Marston, Montgomery, to Elizabeth Blood, of Uttoxeter.
- Rogers—Hughes. On 8th August, at St. Nicholas' Church, Fulford, Samuel E. Rogers to Christine M. Hughes.
- Smith—Hollins. On 28th March, at St. Mary's Parish Church, Uttoxeter, Alan Smith to Eileen M. Hollins, both of Uttoxeter.
- Wilson—Bostock. On 9th June, at Leigh Parish Church, William J. Wilson, of Stowe-by-Chartley, to Phyllis Bostock, of Leigh.
- Wilson—Shaw. Peter Wilson, of Oakamoor, to Ruth Shaw, of Cheadle.

Wood—Florence. On 15th August, at St. Michael's Parish Church, Rocester, Donald H. Wood, of Denstone, to Janet M. Florence, of Rocester.

### NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

Bailey, Brenda. Royal Holloway College, University of London.  
Bannister, Sheila. Teaching at Staveley Middlecroft Junior School, and is living in Chesterfield.

Barnett, Jean. Nursing School, Birmingham.

Bishop, Cecilia. Burton Technical College.

Bull, Dorothy. B.A. Honours General Subjects, Liverpool University.

Burton, Jessamine. Has gained her G.G.S.M. at the Guildhall School of Music and is teaching in Shoreditch Comprehensive School, an L.C.C. school of 1,500 boys and girls.

Cartwright, Anne. Is teaching History at Burton High School.

Cartwright, Mary. Is teaching Domestic Subjects at Glaisdale Secondary School, Nottingham.

Coates, Margaret. Dentist's receptionist.

Cox, Marlene. Has finished her training at Hawthorne House, Birmingham, and is now a qualified Nursery Nurse.

Cuff, Elizabeth. Teaching at Forest of Needwood Secondary School.

Cuff, Jennifer. Bedford Training College.

Davis, Shirley. Stafford Technical College.

Deakin, Iris. Librarian at the County Library, Uttoxeter.

Douglas, Constance. Is in the W.R.A.F. and is stationed in Blackpool.

Durose, Joyce. Stafford Technical College.

Eaton, Valerie. Nelson Hall Training College, Domestic Science course.

Edwards, Susan. Biddulph Orthopædic Hospital.

Ellis, Doris. In the Cask Office at Bass, Ratcliff and Gretton, Ltd.

Finnikin, Kay. St. Gabriel's Training College.

Green, Alys. Has gained her Orthopædic Nursing Certificate, and has entered Wolverhampton Hospital to take general nursing.

Hall, Mary. Coventry Training College.

Harper, Margaret. Nottinghamshire Training College, Retford.

- Heath, Jennifer. Nelson Hall Training College.
- Hill, Kathleen. Birmingham Domestic Science College.
- Hollins, Barbara. Junior Audit Clerk at Messrs. Johnson, Murkett and Hurst, Chartered Accountants, Burton.
- Hutsby, Margaret. Is at Dr. Barnardo's Home, Hallow Park, Worcester.
- Key, Jennifer. Stafford College of Art.
- Lawrence, Yvonne. Norwich Training College.
- Machin, Jane. Training as Children's Nurse, at Derby Children's Hospital.
- McCann, Rona. Has qualified as S.R.N. for sick children at the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, London.
- Nicholls, Barbara. Stafford College of Art.
- Oakes, May. Infant teacher, Hollington School.
- Oakey, Pamela. School of Radiography, Derby Royal Infirmary.
- Owen, June. Lloyds Bank, Tutbury.
- Pountain, Jennifer. Has qualified as S.R.N. at Queen Elizabeth Hospital, Birmingham.
- Rayfield, Elise. Exeter University, Honours School of English.
- Ridgway, Judith. S.R.N., Queen Elizabeth Hospital, Birmingham.
- Ryder, Mary. Furzedown Training College.
- Sandham, Margaret. Student Teaching.
- Shaw, June. Teaching at Meir Infant School.
- Slaney, Eileen. Librarian in the County Library, Uttoxeter.
- Spencer, Estelle. Training at Biddulph Grange Orthopædic Hospital.
- Stanhope, Anne. Housecraft Mistress at Pelham Girls' School, Wimbledon.
- Thorley, Diana. Junior Clerk, Licences and General Insurance Co., Burton.
- Tipper, Jennifer. St. Osyth's, Clacton-on-Sea.
- Townsend, Susan. Nursery School, Birmingham.
- Wagstaff, Patricia. Student Nurse, North Staffs. Royal Infirmary.
- Walker, Ruth. Supply Head Teacher under the Staffordshire Education Committee.
- Walkerdine, Jill. Has joined the Derby Borough Library Service.
- Warner, Mrs. (Ann Davies). Art Mistress, Newport High School.

Warren, Olive. Teaching at Birchen Coppice School, Kidderminster.

West, Margaret. Portsmouth Training College.

White, Christine. District Bank, Fenton.

Whittaker, Freda. B.A. Honours English, Hull University.

Wilkins, Rosemary. Gipsy Hill Training College.

Wood, Margaret. Moved to Northleach in 1947; is going to Melbourne, Australia, to continue her midwifery work.

Woolley, Jean. Nursery School, Birmingham.

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Brownhills High School;

Burton Technical High School.